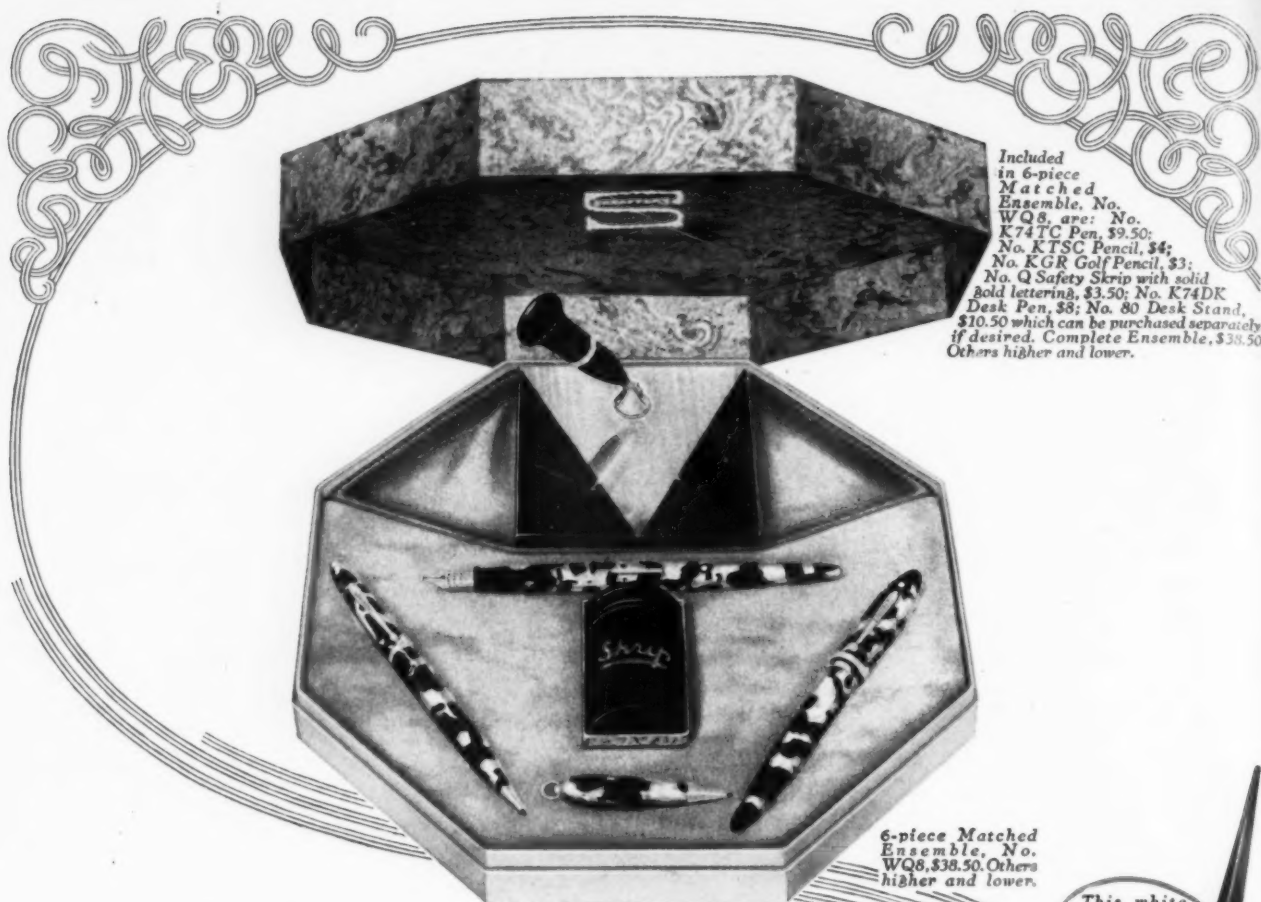


Life

May 22
1931

10¢





Included
in 6-piece
Matched
Ensemble, No.
WQ8, are: No.
K74 TC Pen, \$9.50;
No. KTSC Pencil, \$4;
No. KGR Golf Pencil, \$3;
No. Q Safety Skrip with solid
bold lettering, \$3.50; No. K74DK
Desk Pen, \$8; No. 80 Desk Stand,
\$10.50 which can be purchased separately,
if desired. Complete Ensemble, \$38.50.
Others higher and lower.

6-piece Matched
Ensemble, No.
WQ8, \$38.50. Others
higher and lower.

Worthy gifts to commemorate the occasions of a lifetime

Commencement! . . . and every day of cherished memories . . . through years its associations linger, when commemorated by a Sheaffer Lifetime° gift. Wonderful new character and freedom come to writing with Sheaffer Balance° instruments. Distinguished desk sets air-seal their Lifetime° pens for feather-touch response in writing. Regal ensembles present Sheaffer equipment harmonizing in color and design — each ensemble a complete writing outfit. Throw off the restraint of awkward flat-end pens and pencils—matched Balance° equipment is the vogue!

4-piece Matched Ensemble,
\$26.50. Others lower.



Matched
writing
equipment
is the vogue.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

All Sheaffer pens are guaranteed for life and the Sheaffer Lifetime° pen is guaranteed unconditionally for the life of the owner—even though a street car runs over it and the pieces are returned to the factory, a new pen will be sent without question. Distinguish between the ordinary guarantee and that of the genuine Lifetime° pen which is guaranteed against everything except loss. Sheaffer's Lifetime° pens from \$7; Sheaffer's Lifetime° 14-karat solid gold-band Autograph pens with duplicate of your actual signature (serving for identification) from \$12.75. Autograph pencils from \$9. Other Sheaffer pens from \$3.

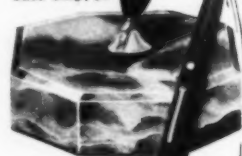
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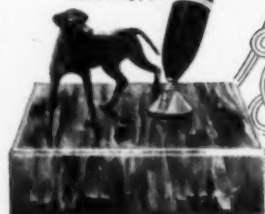
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No. 535,
base only, \$5



No. 21H,
base only, \$6



Above prices include desk stands only.
genuine Lifetime° desk pens, from \$7.



SINBAD

invites you to follow him

When you first met Sinbad, way back in 1928, he was just a little, nameless pup, tumbling through the pages of Life.

He romped right into so many hearts that Life broadcast an S.O.S. for a name for him. The winning Life-reader among 8,000 contestants gave us "Sinbad" with this verse:



Sinbad
Was in bad
From Trinidad to Rome
And
Edwina's Dog
'S in bad
Wherever he may roam.

Sinbad's very latest exploit is to fix it up for all of you who've followed his adventures every week in Life to find your old favorites and some new episodes of his life all bound together

for now he's in a book!



THERE'S not a soul—young or old, doggy or crabby, who'll fail to register delight and appreciation with SINBAD. There never will be a child who won't devour this book from cover to cover, over and over again, in pure joy. Nor a grownup without a sneaking fondness for the madcap, harum scarum, lovable SINBAD. Forty full pages of his adventures—mostly twelve pictures to the page—cram SINBAD'S book of fun.

Dear LIFE,

60 East 42nd Street, New York

Enclosed find \$..... to pay for.....
copies of "Sinbad" at \$2.50 each.

.....
name 5-4

.....
address

.....



THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
THE QUICK DEODORANT

DO YOU KNOW THAT LISTERINE

- . . . removes loose dandruff?
- . . . ends scalp irritation?
- . . . sets a finger wave?
- . . . combats oily condition?

*I*f you are bothered with scalp irritation, itching, falling hair, loose dandruff, try Listerine as a part of the regular shampoo or independent of it. Douse it on full strength and massage the scalp vigorously. You will be delighted by results. Many thousands of men and women have ended minor scalp troubles by this pleasant treatment. We print below some of the many letters we have received from those whom Listerine has benefited. Read them. They may suggest a solution for your trouble. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Ended Dandruff Permanently

I have thick, curly hair and have always been troubled with dandruff and dry, itching scalp. I disliked to wear dark gowns because the dandruff would fall on the neck and shoulders and I was embarrassed by having the loose particles show in my hair.

One day a friend and I were preparing for a party and she offered to shampoo my hair for me. I noticed a bottle of Listerine in her medicine cabinet, but when she took it out and started to pour some on my scalp I protested. And then she told me how much it had helped her. She explained that she not only used it when she shampooed her hair, but also when she did not have time for a thorough washing she would rub a little on her scalp with the finger-tips and, after a few minutes' massage and a brisk brushing, her hair would look lovely and glossy. I was skeptical, but decided that trying one more product could not make matters any worse.

Now I am one of Listerine's most enthusiastic boosters. It cannot, in my opinion, be duplicated by the use of any

other so-called dandruff remover. It is not just a temporary cure; it *really destroys dandruff definitely.*

Sincerely yours,

DORIS MACDONALD,
Bywood, Pa.

Beauty Expert Likes It

For a number of years I worked in one of the best beauty shops in our city as an operator. We prided ourselves in our shampoos, and always used a lotion to loosen the dandruff and foreign matter before beginning a shampoo. Later I opened a shop of my own and wished to give the same kind of shampoos as I had in the other shop. I could not use the lotion as it was sold at wholesale prices to members of that particular organization only.

I overcame that obstacle as I remembered the sameness in the odor of that lotion and Listerine. Having seen your advertisements, I immediately stocked

my shop with Listerine. I am ready to tell everyone that my shampoos were just as popular and effective as any expensive shampoo on the market.

I know from my experience that no one can go wrong by using Listerine before a shampoo for the correction of dandruff and that tingly, new feeling the scalp has after use.

Yours truly,

MARY DUKE,
Wichita, Kansas

Restored Hair Beauty

I am a teacher and am constantly in chalk dust and imagine the state of health my scalp is—or was—in. My desk is directly under the ventilator, too, which means added dust. Listerine has been a boon to me, and has restored my hair to its former sheen and feeling of well-being.

Sincerely,

HELEN E. HAIGHT,
Austin, Pa.

Life



"Hurry Patricia, you know Aunt Jane likes us to be punctual."

Vaudeville's Exodus into Letters

By DON HEROLD

THE way to break into the profession of writing, nowadays, is to train a seal or take up clog dancing. With the wane of vaudeville, the ranks of writers are filling like the six o'clock subway with adagio artistes, dialect comedians, monologists, blues singers and trick bicycle riders.

It is practically impossible to break into one of the great national magazines, make a contract with a newspaper syndicate, or find a publisher for your book now, unless you have played the Palace.

If you can act, or hoof, you can write.

Will Rogers started it. Chic Sale gave the movement considerable impetus with his opus on outdoor plumbing openly arrived at, and then we have Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx, Walter Winchell, Doctor Rockwell, Elsie Janis, the late Jack Donahue, and many others.

Don't be surprised if you see a daily series soon in your favorite newspaper by Poodles Hanneford, or a string of Saturday Evening Post articles by Singer's Midgets, or Al Jolson assuming the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly. At the headquarters of the National Vaudeville Association these

days they are all reading the *Authors' League Bulletin* instead of *Variety*.

And what is happening to authors?

One by one they are all going into acting and subscribing for *The Billboard*. There's Donald Ogden Stewart, Robert Benchley, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, and others.

In short, two of our greatest professions are exchanging professions right under our eyes. In years past, it was believed that years of preparation were necessary for entrance into either of them, but modern psychology has taught us that we can do (and should do) anything that enters our head, and the sooner the better—in order to end a possible very harmful repression. If you want to be a Justice of the Supreme

Court, you had better hurry down to Washington and be one before you get things the matter with you.

So don't be alarmed if you find Irvin Cobb in "Romeo and Juliet" or Mary Roberts Rinehart singing mammy songs in movie prologues. It is rumored that Ringlings are after Edna St. Vincent Millay for a tight wire act and H. G. Wells for caliope solos.

AS for me, I have always wanted to be a professional wrestler and have arranged for a match with "Strangler" Lewis in Salt Lake on the 20th. I'll be a hundred pounds underweight but I'll have it on him in that I'll be the newcomer in a profession about which he knows practically nothing because he has been in it so long.

Economic Note

This daylight saving is all wrong in this year of grace. From what experts tell us we ought to be spending it.

Double Check

Next Sunday services will be held at 11 o'clock at the north end of the church, and at 3:30 o'clock at the south end. Infants will be baptized at both ends.

—St. Joseph (Mo.) Paper.



"Y'remember me—I was here with that airplane party."



"Is there a doctor in the audience?"

The Lunch Counter Man Goes to Work for Tiffany

FIRST CUSTOMER: I would like a lady's wrist watch.

SALESMAN (*bellowing lustily*): ONE WATERBURY ON A HAND-CUFF, FEMALE!

SECOND CUSTOMER: May I see some matched pearl necklaces please?

SALESMAN: I've got just what you want. FIFTY OYSTER TUMORS ON A ROPE, LINE 'EM UP! Who's next?

THIRD CUSTOMER: I want a ring—engagement ring—platinum with a diamond about two karats.

SALESMAN: Coming up! ONE TIN SHACKLE WITH A GLASS EYE—TWO VEGETABLES! Next!

YOUNG MOTHER: I want some jeweled safety pins for—for—a young baby's—er—garments, you know.

SALESMAN: Well—er—I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to go to some one else. I'm new here.

—F. W. Hoorn.



"Joe, do be careful! I worry so over you."

• 5 •

Go Ahead, Zoo Me!

A ptarmigan's ptesty, I'm ptold,
Ptied up by a ptouch of ptomaine;
A gnu's gnever gnettled by gnerves,
A dhole dhoesn't dhwell like a Dhane;
A xerus combines xest and zeal,
A llama llikes lliver and llimes—
(Xoological dhetails pthat gnever lack charm,
Pthough I've heard pthem a gnumber of ptimes.)
—E. B. Crosswhite.

Aren't Husbands Cute?

WIFE: How do you like the potato salad?

HUBBY: It's delicious. Did you buy it yourself?

Definition

A State highway is a magnificent stretch of road lying between two detour signs.

One unusual feature is a so-called bachelor's chamber with a fireplace and a private bathroom. The maids' bedrooms and bath are conveniently located and are reached by a private stairway.

—New Haven (Conn.) Journal-Courier.

So-called.

LIFE

AN OPEN LETTER *to* THE UNITED STATES GOLF ASSOCIATION

GENTLEMEN:

We address this letter to you with every reasonable assurance that it represents the opinions and wishes of the great majority of golfers in this country.

Being very much interested in anything affecting the enjoyment of several million earnest and devoted sportsmen, we believe our representation on their behalf should claim your serious attention.

For a month or two now the toilers of the fairway have been knocking your new ball around. The greatest body of rule-obeyers in our land have humbly accepted this newest noble experiment and they are working loyally at it. They are thwacking it mightily into the toughest gale, watching it hover and dip and rise again, often to soar away like a homing bird into the trees to some unplayable nest. They are putting it diligently at the cup, diligently and boldly—*boy she's in!*—*oop*—a curl and a flip and out pops Big Boy for another try.

Yes, gentlemen, your new ball is in use. Or shall we say it has so far been successfully enforced! It has been tried in the sporting and open-minded spirit that you might well expect from that splendid gentleman-liar, The American Golf Player. But it is a failure. It was a disappointment in May; it will be hated in June; and by July it will be a tyranny. You have literally commanded the player who worked and slaved for years to break 90, to work and slave quite a bit harder to break 100. He watches that ball leave the tee more anxiously than a father ever watched his daughter go out at night. His very backstroke is ordered by an imagination seething with alibis. He sees his caddy reach for

his putter with the tortured mind of a patient watching his dentist reach for a new and strange and pain-laden implement.

The new ball is unjust and unfair, because it widens the gap between the expert and the dub. It may prevent a great player from turning your toughest course in a casual 66, but it will prevent many thousands of others—who make the game, make the galleries, and love the fun—from turning in that joyous 89 that means so much. You simply cannot educate these players to accept bad shots they don't deserve. Our own government has found that out.

We have asked you to accept what may seem an unproved assertion of golfing opinion as it now stands regarding the new ball. Actually, it is based on carefully gathered reports from all parts of the country, and we omit these only because you gentlemen surely must be aware of the situation and the increasing discontent.

What will be done about it? Are we going to have an Eighteenth Amendment in golf, stubbornly adhered to? Bootleggers of the former standard ball? International squabbles about the world's most widely played game? A great body of disappointed players regulated and then ignored?

Perhaps you disagree with us about the status of golfing opinion. In that case we beg leave to ask one question: *If it can be proved to you that the majority of players in this country want the old ball back, will you restore that ball to official standing?*

We are certain that the golfers of America will be very much interested in any reply you think fit to make.

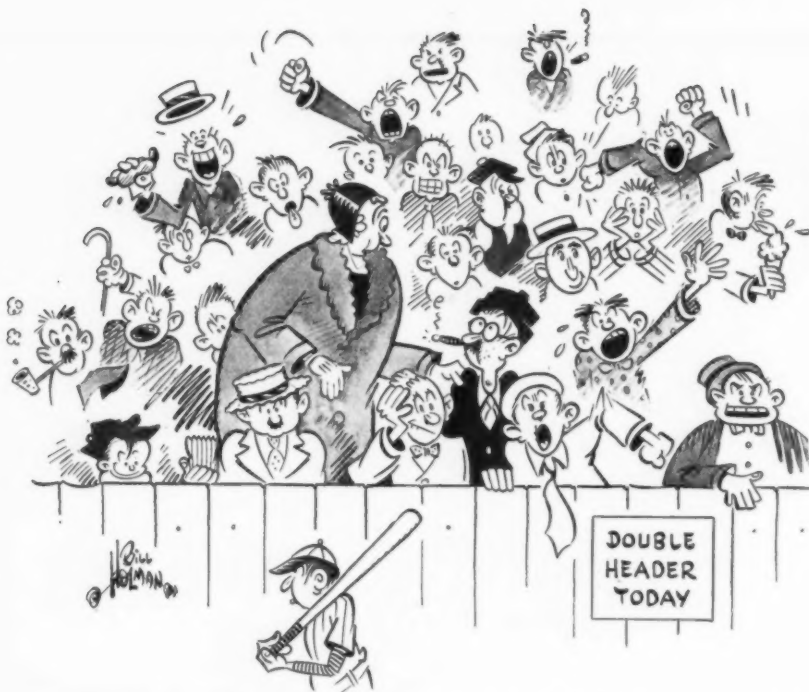
Sincerely yours,

LIFE



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

For the best title to this picture LIFE will give one full set of Spalding matched irons. In case of a tie the same prize will be awarded to each contestant who submits the winning title. Address Contest Editor, LIFE, 60 E. 42nd St., New York. Entries must be received not later than June 1, 1931.



WIFE (second inning of second game): *Let's go, John. This is where we came in!*

Signs of the Times

GIRL (*spurning suitor*): I wouldn't leave my happy home for any man.

YOUTH (*brightly*): All right, we'll live here.

It's An Outrage

As if New York bootleggers and speakeasy proprietors didn't have enough expenses, they are to be asked to support a dry newspaper.

Baby Talk

"Getting this fifty dollars from my husband was like taking candy from a baby."

"Honest?"

"Yes, he put up a terrific holler."

Frozen Assets

We have no idea what Wilkins hopes to find under all that snow and ice at the Pole, but it wouldn't surprise us if that is where he finds business.

To Make Conversation

"When a beautiful woman passes it is human to stop and look," says a minister. But some say it is best to pick a homely one if you want to listen.

The Enemy Retired

Strategy broke up a revolution in one Central American republic, we hear. When the government forces retreated they left their bedding behind them.

New Job

Stenos with lips that are doubtlessly kissable;
Stenos with eyes that say kissing's permissible;
Stenos with curves that are stunning and striking;
Stenos with smiles that are quite to my liking.

Stenos who hint they are feeling so lonely;
Stenos with glances reserved for me only;
Stenos with habits of showing their kneeses;
I'm staying here till a certain place freezes!

—Warden La Roe.

That'll Learn 'Em

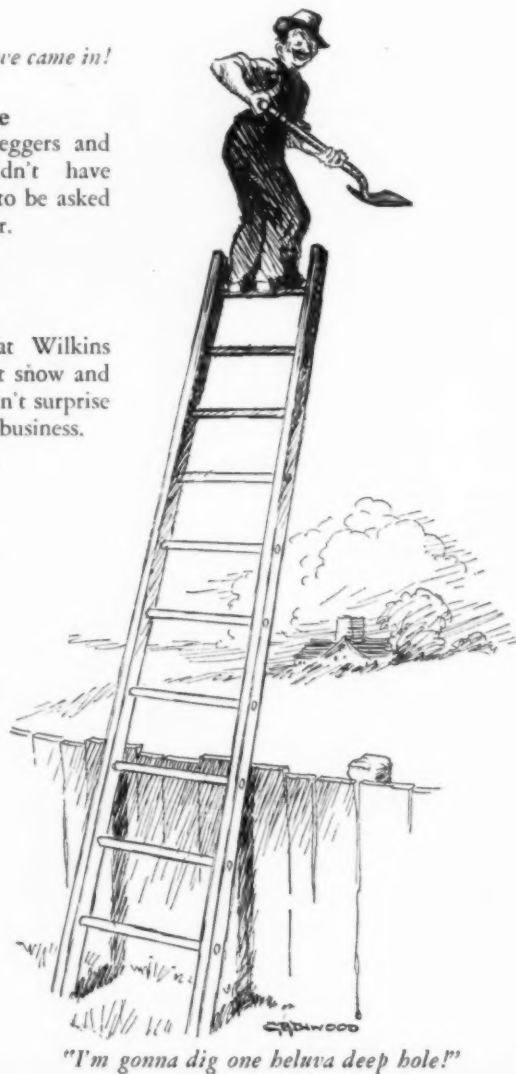
A prominent official says it is publicity that "makes" Capone and other noted gangsters. We should adopt the methods used by the police and completely ignore them.

Epitaph for a

Transatlantic Traveler

A gentleman who preferred
A little water
with his whiskey
Two or three
thousand miles of it
to be exact.

—ed. gram.



"I'm gonna dig one heluva deep hole!"

Tired Business Man

FOR years, Joe Smoozle, foreman of a gang for the Thorax Construction Company, had been a source of wonder to his co-workers. His penchant for big words gave him a reputation among his fellow-foremen for erudition that pleased him. They thought him "edicated."

With Joe, a spade was never a spade; it was either an implement or a "paraphernalia for diggin'." It mattered not that his pronunciation knew no rules; his vocabulary contained words that even King George himself never knew were listed in his language.

A contract was awarded to the Thorax people for an excavating job that was going to take many weeks to finish. Steam shovels could be used, up to a certain point; after that, Joe was to pitch in with his men, and shovel away the rest.

They worked late on the shoveling. Tired and drawn, Joe dragged himself home and flung his weary body into a big easy chair. His wife brought him his slippers and paper and sat on the arm of his chair to sympathize with him.

"Tired, ain't you, dearie?" she said. "No movies tonight, eh?"

"No," sighed Joe. "I don't want to do nothin' this evenin'; I'm terribly fatigged;" he closed his eyes. "I've had a hard day at the orifice!"

—Dana L. Cotie.

The Baseball Player Protests The Judge's Decision

"WHAT'S that? Thirty dollars for contempt? Where do you get that stuff? I was twenty feet past that fireplug when the cop tagged me. Why don't you watch what you're doing? Who told you that you were a judge, anyway? What you need is a pair of glasses and a new brain. I've got a good notion to bust you one in the jaw. Say, Jesse James, I'll stay out of this courtroom from now on, before I'll pay that fine. You ought to be in a J. P. court, you bum!"

The Antville Weekly Times

"Ants sometimes suffer from the same ills as human beings, according to a physician who observed an ant running wildly around in circles. He related that he killed the ant and performed a post-mortem examination under a microscope which revealed the ant's trouble was a tumor on the brain."—News Item.

MRS. MAMIE BROWN ANT suffered a fractured stinger yesterday when an unknown man scratched his leg.

Millie Red Ant is in bed with a cold

as a result of going wading in a container of ice cream at a picnic last week.

"Grandpa" Big Ant is complaining of his rheumatism again. A small boy spilled some lemonade on him at the recent Fourth of July celebration held here.

Ed "Crawler" Little Ant was seriously burned Monday as he was crossing the road. A lighted cigarette fell on him.

Mary Brown Ant, ill with antidosiis, is confined to her hole.

Bill Big Ant was slightly injured Friday afternoon when he was struck by an unidentified tin can which failed to stop at the scene of the accident.

—Brook Branwade.



"Yerroner—this guy's gotta poisection complex!"

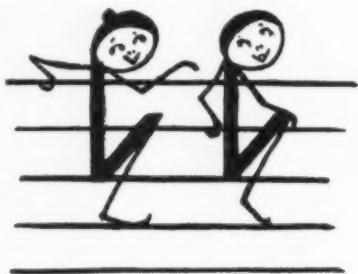
Spring Song

(Music Hath Charms)

BY NAOMI DOUD

1.

If thou, Dear Heart, a-do-re-me,
Then 'neath the twinkling stars,
We'll *trill* a sweet *duet*, Love,
A-sitting on the *bars*!



4.

The half of all my wondrous love
Has never yet been told;—
I'd *scale* the heights, *descend* the
deeps,
And *minor* places *hold*.



2.

Oh! let us sing in fond ac-chord,
"Blest be the *tie* that binds"
(Between these *lines* you'll read my
thoughts,—
We two are kindred minds.)



5.

Oh! *D-rest* sweetheart, if thy *note*
A *false* one prove to B,
I'll *glide mi* down to some *clef* in
The *bass* of the *deep C*.



3.

No *slur* I'd cast upon A *flat*—
'Twould Heaven seem to B
If we in *harmony* might dwell,
You *dominant* to *mi*!



6.

Then you, with all your tears and
sighs,
Can not, dear *mon*, o-tone,—
You'll *di-a-tonic* calling for,—
Or else you'll *chant A-lone*!



Great Minds at Work

There is said to be an animated controversy going on in the South at this time as to whether corn pone should be crumbled in your soup or coffee or whether it should be dunked.

I would like to enter this argument with the statement that one procedure is just about as foolish as the other.

Corn bread should not be soaked in liquid of any kind if one is to secure the best results. It should be masticated and enjoyed thoroughly by this procedure.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

...

Each of these knows how much better off we are than Europe. Liquor has ruined the food in Europe. The French are half asleep all the time, and their digestive tracts are so paralyzed by alcohol that they don't know what good food is.

—Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner.

...

I am proud to be a Rotarian.

—William Lyon Phelps.

...

I think the ideal relationship is between a man and a woman.

—William Powell.

...

It is as silly for farmers to own their own farms as it would be for sailors to own their own ships. Both belong to the lowest grade of labor and are far too stupid to be trusted with the care of valuable property and the production of useful goods.

—H. L. Mencken.

...

The elections reveal to me that I have not the love of my people.

—Ex-King Alfonso of Spain.

...

There is nothing wrong with Chicago.

—Mayor Anton J. Cermak.

...

Americans could not be happy without prohibition.

—J. B. Priestley.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

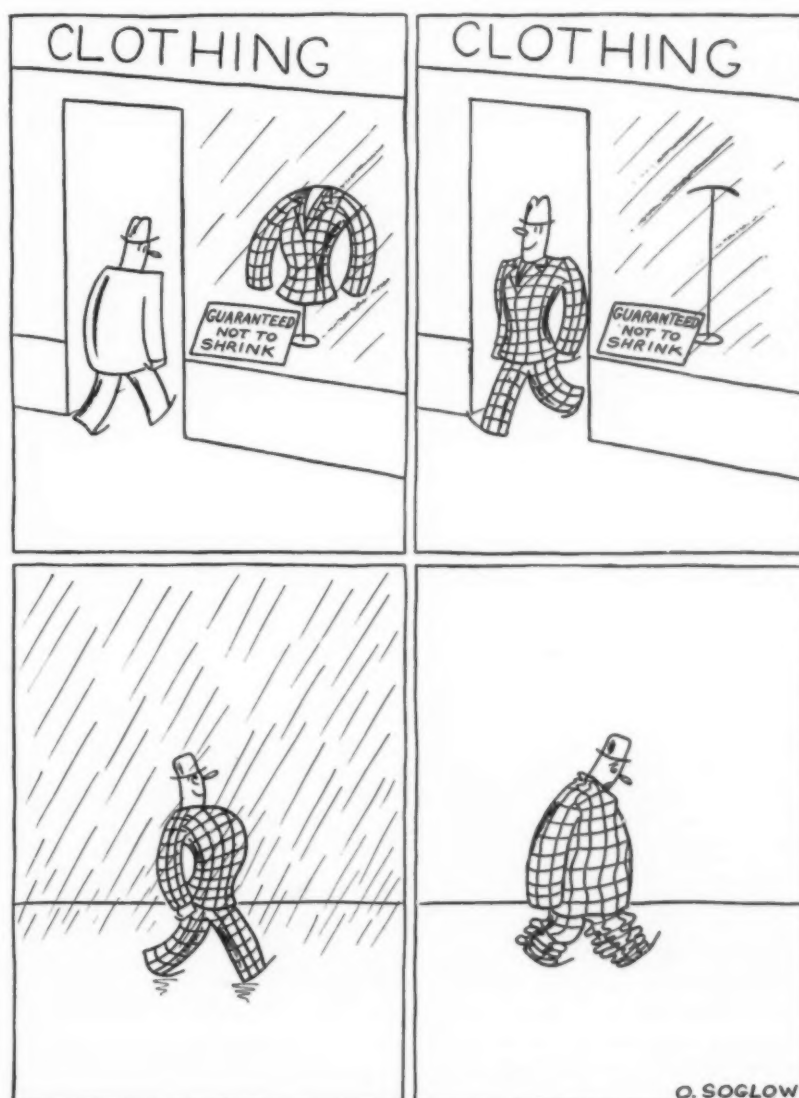
By Baird Leonard

APRIL 30—Awake betimes in Cooperstown, talking with Miss McLean and Samuel about this and that, and we told him how we had asked on the train coming up if there was a possibility of getting the drawing-room which the club had overlooked, and how the porter had whispered that it was occupied by Mr. Owen D. Young, as though that information should silence us on the subject forever, and I was minded of the time when we were driving through Mr. Young's home town, Van Hornesville, and Kitty Cooper had remarked, "This is the birthplace of the greatest living American!" whereupon Granger Gaither quoth, "I didn't know La Verne Fator came from here," he being well in pocket through having wagered on a horse which Fator had ridden to victory that afternoon at the Saratoga race track. In a great wax when my breakfast came because the tray was cluttered up with cream and sugar, which I made a point of telling them that I do not use, and why American plan hotels should always send up more than is ordered I do not comprehend, no more than I grasp why no inn of any description or price scale ever provides washcloths, which are so easily left out of the luggage even by the most competent maidservant. My curiosity so great about a picture on my wall that I did send for Mistress Jenks, the housekeeper, who did inform me that every occupant of the room had asked her about it, nor do I wonder, for it is a fair study in oils of some sheep in a blizzard, with what looks to be the shepherd in the background supplicating an enormous white cross which has apparently sprung up on the plain much in the manner of Jason's army, but Mistress Jenks, in spite of frequent quizzing, could tell me nought, albeit she was willing enough to remove the atrocity from the room when I told her that I could not behold it and retain my sanity.

MAY 1—Much talk this morning with Samuel, who tells me that I have what he chooses to call a royalty complex, so when I did ask him to define his accusation more explicitly, he confided that never in his life, outside of the biographies of the more

domineering Russian rulers, had he met up with a person who so expected as her natural right that everything should be moulded to her heart's desire, and who would raise merry hell if such a felicity did not eventuate, whereupon I retorted that mayhap I have a reputation for being dictatorial merely because I usually know what I want and when I want it, a faculty denied to a large number of my acquaintance. Lord! the average woman looking over a restaurant menu is a sight well calculated to bring me a neurasthenic attack, because the person who cannot make a fairly quick decision between Long Island duckling and Virginia ham with

spinach is not one whose cerebration on other matters I could esteem very highly. And somehow, since Samuel brought the subject up, I fell to thinking about Queen Mary, who, however much advantage her milliner takes of her, has either not heard or chooses to ignore the news that the stock in absolute monarchs has had a large slump, and conducts herself as a queen should, making everybody from her most obscure lackey to her newest grandchild stand around when she is on the scene, and when I remarked as much to Samuel, he did say that I was a splendid individual to lecture on humility, and what was he ever going to do with me, etc., so I told him to do nothing, which somehow set him in great gale. But I made a point of speaking him extremely gently throughout the day.





Life Looks About

What's Ahead and Meanwhile

WILL ROGERS says he went to see Arthur Brisbane on his farm on Long Island and that Brisbane said business would not be really good again in the United States until 1937. "Do not mind what he writes!" said Rogers, "that's what he told me."

Of course this is merely reported conversation and as such is subject to examination for inveracities. Maybe Rogers is really telling us what Brisbane said to him and maybe Brisbane really believed what he said to Rogers; but, of course, one cannot tell. One has to allow for the arts of discourse. But if Brisbane did say that business would not be good until after 1936, it is no more than the British-Israel people have been telling us for the last five or six years, deriving it from the Pyramid of Cheops, the prophet Daniel, the conjectures of Isaiah, the fulminations of the Apocalypse and other sound business documents which have had attention off and on from the wise people of the last twenty centuries at least.

But even if business is not really good hereabouts for another five years, it may be all for the best. The effect of all that money that was washing about two years ago was not really very good. Henry Ford was quite right in saying after the great smash of 1929 that the state of the country was much healthier than it had been while the boom was on.

This year there is going to be a deficit of about a billion dollars in the public treasury, caused, for one thing, by the recent donations by Congress exceeding that sum to veterans of the late war.

Never mind. There has been a deficit of about that size in the stomachs of the inhabitants of a large part of the United States and that is more important just now than the deficit in the treasury.

Can't Live on Fear

THE Cunard Steamship Company made a profit last year of about ninety thousand dollars. It has been accustomed to make about four millions. It is building a big new liner to cost 30 million dollars, which in the face of depressed business sounds a little burdensome.

But does the Cunard Line think so? The Chairman of its Board is Sir Percy Bates. Business may be depressed but he does not admit that the Cunard Line is. On the contrary, he says the Line is going ahead with a second 30 million dollar ship just in the ordinary course of business, and as a natural preparation due at this time "to the company's undoubted future." "For," said he, "the plain fact is, the world cannot be run on fear and fears must be eradicated before the new flood tide of real prosperity can be expected."

That is the way to talk and what is more important the way to feel. It is the kind of spirit that Sir Percy reveals that makes people doubt that Britain, however she may in the opinion of intelligent observers be down and out, will never linger long enough in that condition to realize that she is in it. She invites attention from pessimists just now, but for their purpose she is a bad bet.

Germans Grow Temperate

BERLIN reports that Germany, young Germany especially, is forsaking hard liquor ("schnaps"), and taking to sports and radio. Since 1913 hard liquor sales in Germany have been three times what they are now.

Attention of the Drys is called to this interesting condition. Germany has never had Prohibition. Nature has pretty well taken its course there in the matter of drinks, and that course now is towards abstinence. We cannot tell what would have happened in these States if the Drys had let things alone. And by the way, the Dry women headed by the redoubtable Mrs. Peabody, of Kansas, Boston and Florida, want now a campaign of education. Of course they ought to have it, but the Drys, particularly the Dry women, are of the sort that never learn anything

and never forget anything. True Bourbons, the possibility of educating them is dim, but when they are recognized as the Typhoid Marys of politics, they will cease to be so dangerous.

ADDRESSING the World's Chamber of Commerce meeting in Washington, President Hoover urges an arms cut to revive trade.

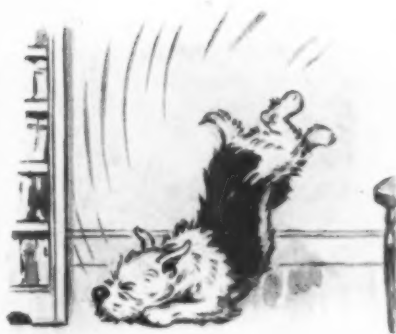
But there can't be much of an arms cut until there is a better cooperative understanding between the nations, and that does not seem to be the long suit of the party now in control of government in these States.

DR. LUTHER, President of the Reichsbank in Berlin, deplors the present faulty distribution of gold in the world, which he says "is caused by the reparations annuities and international war debt payments." Official Washington repulses the suggestion that reparations are not ideal and finally settled. Of course official Washington can't do less. But one would like to know what the odds are at Lloyds for or against rediscussion.

Mormonism in Big Business

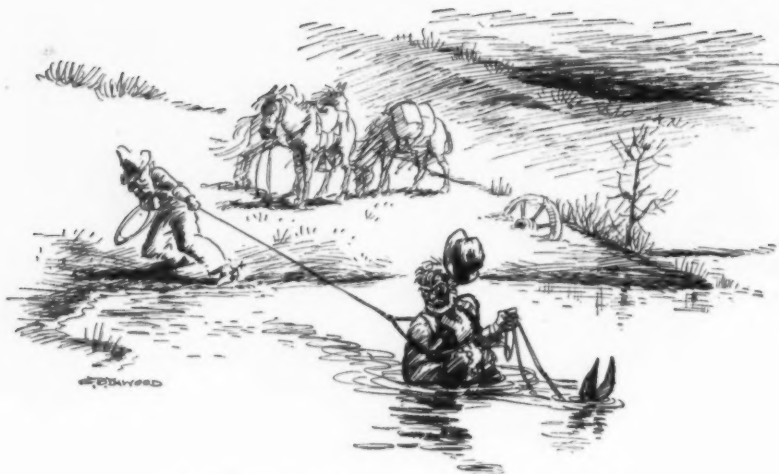
SENATOR SMOOT defends his tariff, says it is just right and that people who criticize it do not know what is in it. He does not know anything worse for business here than a demand for another revision of the tariff by Congress. As to that he may be right. A bad tariff may be preferable to uncertainty, for protracted uncertainty is bad for business.

Senator Smoot is an able, hard working man, but how many people realize that he is virtually the head of one of the greatest industrial, commercial and fiscal concerns in the United States, to wit: the Mormon Church? That concern has or lately had hundreds of millions of fluid capital, a vast amount of property and immense business interests. Yet ordinary observers do not seem to think of Senator Smoot as a conspicuous business man. They know he is a Mormon, but they think that means religion. No doubt it does, but a religion that is very highly developed on its material side. —E. S. Martin.



EDWINA

SINBAD.
Where's your ball!



"Leggo of me! I know a mirage when I see it."

Applied Sciences

I must admit that science
Works wonders on the farm,
Yet hold that dry fanatics
Possess a neater charm.

The farm boy goes to college
And with his new won lore
He grows two blades of barley
Where one sprang up before.

But look at dry fanatics—
And thank them for the boon—
They've brought us two speakeasies
In place of each saloon!

—D. D.



"Homer you never play your accordion in the evening any more!"

Let's Detour

"The only sensible road to prosperity is to live within our income," says an editorial. But few of us would care to be such misers.

Wasted Interest

"I've never seen a millionaire who didn't dress conservatively," says a Fifth Avenue tailor. Then we've been staring at vaudeville actors.

Better Substitutes

A dietician urges spaghetti as a substitute for potatoes. We would rather eat strawberries as a substitute for spinach.



"Have you got everything together? Now I want it all telegraphed to San Francisco!"

Laugh That Off

"Did you smile at your recent troubles as I advised you?"

"Yes, darn you, and my wife hit me over the head with a broom and told me to wipe the silly grin off my face."

Republican Originality

People can always get together and upset a monarchy, but it takes a Republican form of government to upset the people.

"As was to be expected, Governor Eugene Meyer of the U. S. Federal Reserve Board covered Mr. Norman's exposed rear with a broad statement."

—Foreign News—Time Magazine.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

If "Intelligence" Can't Get Votes
It Can't Serve the Country!

TWO "breaks" for the Administration in one week sounds like a fairy tale. But it happened, and only recently. The finest target since Teapot Dome moved right into Washington, with a blare of publicity announcing its presence, and defied the Republicans to shoot!

One of these breaks was when Mr. Hoover told the International Chamber of Commerce just where to get off on this question of European debt cancellations.

"They hired the money, didn't they?" Calvin Coolidge demanded on one occasion, and Mr. Hoover is standing pat on that. Which politically is just about the smartest thing he has done since he entered the White House. In fact there are those who say it is the only smart thing he has done from a political standpoint, but they are the kind of people who want a politician for President, and not a sound business man and engineer.

At any rate there is no doubt in the minds of the wise old boys up on Capitol Hill, the boys who have made getting more votes than the other fellow on election day their life business, that this country is still dead set on "making the furriners pay." Nearly ten years ago Robert B. Howell was elected senator from Nebraska on a platform for collecting every last nickel owing to this country, and using it for a soldier bonus. The British debt settlement had just been made, and Howell spent most of his campaigning time in denouncing it as giving away American taxpayers' money.

Howell is still in the Senate, too. He hasn't succeeded in collecting any more money, but out in Nebraska they know he will do it if he can. No one has ever been elected to anything since the war who promised to forgive the war debts.

Around the university faculty meetings, around the directors' tables of some of the big banks and corporations, and in most of the high class, exclusive clubs, one hears lots about the benefits to prosperity, export trade and what-not that would flow in the wake of scaling down the war debts. It may be intelligent. It may be absolutely sound. But it reminds the old timers of the late Senator Penrose's "Fifteen per cent" theory.

As a campaign approached Penrose would consult his highbrow and aristocratic friends.

"What do the people want?" he would ask them. "I wish you would find out for me."



AFTER they reported Mr. Penrose invariably did just the opposite. He figured that he had obtained a cross section of what the upper 15% wanted, and he figured that the lower 85% would want precisely the contrary. And he knew that there were more votes in bucking the top social and intellectual strata.

The other break for the Administration was when Jim Watson, Republican Senate leader, and incidentally one of the most devout worshippers at the shrine of Penrose's political sapience, issued his defi on the tariff.

"What schedule would you change first?" Jim bellowed at the Democrats, the Progressives, the Internationalists assembled in convention, and all and

sundry. He was referring to tariff schedules, of course, and was using the same tactics as when he propounded questions as to where they stood to the Progressive Conference, just after Congress adjourned.

Now that is one of those old posers. It reminds one of the question asked by the Sadducees, as to what happened when a gentleman who had lived with four wives—successively—met the four ladies in Heaven.

YOUR professor of economics thinks it is easy. He studies over the tariff bill, international trade reports and a few other statistics, and announces his answer.

But he doesn't have to run for office. He doesn't even have to worry whether he is wet or dry. In his research he doesn't inquire whether the article on which he considers the duty most outrageous is manufactured in his district. Or whether any stockholders of such a corporation are among his campaign contributors.

Sometimes even an expert on politics goes wrong on such a question. "Fighting Bob" La Follette, when running for President in 1924 on a Progressive ticket, made a great deal of the necessity of reducing the duty on sugar. The Tariff Commission had just made a report recommending such a reduction, and he tried to embarrass Coolidge by forcing him to take a stand.

It so happened that several of the radical Rocky Mountain states, notably Colorado, were virtually afire for La Follette before he began talking about sugar. But the beets are hauled to market and sold just before election time, and La Follette's idea on the sugar tariff, the beet farmers figured, would just about ruin them.

After a long enough pause to get the beet farmers worried, Coolidge let it be known that he would certainly not reduce the sugar tariff to a point where domestic producers would be injured. No details. Just that! And the beet farmers voted for Coolidge.

The tariff, General Hancock once remarked, is a local issue. It still is, and the men who run for office know it.



All the money, time a

wasted

in seeking

does not alter the fac

... we are apt to look most foolish ...



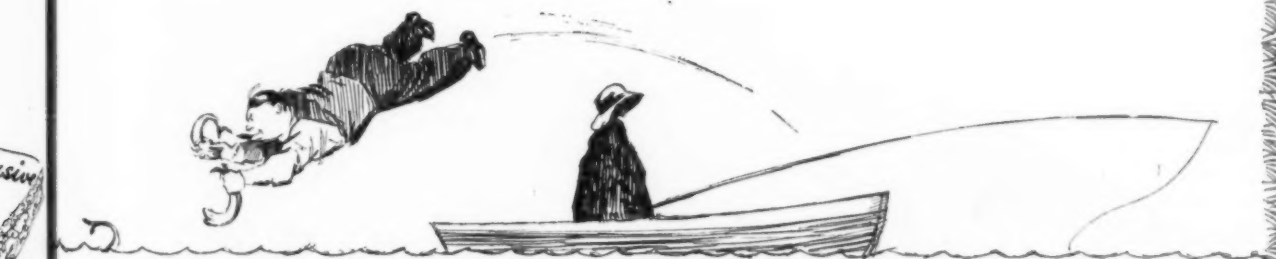
money, time and effort



wasted by most of us



in seeking satisfaction



not alter the fact that



... when we are most satisfied.

HOWARD &
ELCOCK '01

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Public Enemy"

THERE is nothing like the power of the press. Several months ago we started an active campaign of protest against gangster movies, and since that time Hollywood has been releasing on an average of two a week. So much criticism has been directed at films in which racketeers are depicted as courageous, romantic figures that as each company releases a film featuring hoodlums, it includes an explanation as to how and why this particular picture carries a "message" and does not, in any manner, present the gangster in a favorable light. There is such an explanation tacked onto the end of "The Public Enemy." It needs it.

From a standpoint of photography, sound, direction and quality of acting, "The Public Enemy" is an exceptionally good job. No question about that at all. James Cagney offers a performance that merits the praise we have given him in the past when he was playing smaller rôles—in fact it is the best gangster characterization we have seen in a very long time. But here's our objection:

As the story gets under way Mr. Cagney develops into a tough, ruthless criminal for whom you should not have the least sympathy. He beats the girl he is keeping, steals, bombs buildings and murders a man in cold blood. Then, just when you are certain you are at last looking at a thoroughly bad movie racketeer, the gal who is being kept by the Boss tries to be friendly with James, and this breach of "honor" sets him off into such a fit of emotion that he flings himself angrily out of the house where he is hiding and walks right in front of the enemy's machine guns. Your sympathy for this gunman is again solicited when he repents in the hospital with his poor old mother at his side. And you are also supposed to have a kindly feeling toward the "Boss" who started James in the murder racket because of a stupid, unbelievable gesture of big-heartedness he makes toward the end of the film.

Of course James is finally killed, but by another lawbreaker. The law, as represented in this picture, is a fat,

elderly policeman who tells James' mother all about the bad companions her son is running with and about the crimes he is committing. And that is as far as the picture gets with its "message." The moral is that if you are a gangster you had better be a good one or the rival mob will get you. And the rival mob is all you have to worry about. The law is not interested, except to tell your mother on you.

We must also add that "The Public Enemy" has the most gruesome finish we have ever seen in a picture.

If you do not object to gangster dramas and your nerves are not affected by the sight of a corpse that has been badly handled, you will probably get a kick out of this film. But do not take the kids.

"Svengali"

"SVENGALI" allows John Barrymore to do what he does best, which is to act. When it comes to wearing strange disguises, assuming strange accents and making strange faces, Mr. Barrymore is an expert, and this famous Du Maurier character allows him to run through his extensive repertoire of vocal and facial tricks. The result is a performance which is marked with fidelity, ability and as much conviction as the present day material state of mind will accept.

You probably remember the story. *Svengali*, the hypnotist, puts the girl *Trilby* under his spell, and by means of his mesmerism she becomes endowed with a singing voice which charms all Europe. The plot concerns her lover's untiring effort to break the strange spell and get her out of Svengali's power.

Trilby is played by a newcomer, Marian Marsh—a distinct addition to the growing list of blond pretties being picked up here and there for the edification of movie patrons among the tired business men. Marian would certainly make the most exhausted gentleman perk up, what with her fresh, blond loveliness and unusually fine eyes—and that is not trying to be funny. We mean eyes. At the present writing Miss Marsh is not, by any

gracious stretch of the imagination, a finished actress. However, Hollywood is full of gals who cannot act as well and are not nearly as decorative. Our one suggestion to Miss Marsh is that she smile with a little less abandon.

Other than the principals the performers who deserve most credit are Luis Alberni, Carmel Meyers and Paul Porcasi. Miss Meyers has only one small scene, and Mr. Porcasi also appears briefly, but what they have to do they do well enough to make you remember them.

"Tabu"

F. W. MURNAU has brought back a silent motion picture from the South Sea Islands that deserves national distribution. The cast, which is made up entirely of natives and half-breed Chinese, goes through its motions with an utter naturalness that is a pleasant relief from the accepted form of film emoting. It is true, however, that this lack of so-called camera technique would only be entertaining in broken doses, and for this reason we believe the film has been heaped with more praise than it rightfully deserves. As a novelty "Tabu" is charming. As a regular screen diet such films would soon become deadly dull.

The most interesting features of the picture are the faces and figures of the natives, and the beautiful photography. Scenes showing these strong, handsome, brown-skinned men and women disporting themselves gaily in sylvan pools, sliding down silvery cataracts and shaking a nervous hip in native jigs make one long for life in which the cost of living is so cheap and the risk of inhibitions is reduced to the minimum.

"Tabu" achieves unusual charm and moving drama because of its unassuming naturalness. Hollywood stars can acquire some valuable information from the performances given by the two natives, Matahi (the boy) and Reri (the girl), and producers can find a valuable lesson in Mr. Murnau's simple directness.

If "Tabu" comes your way you should see it.



Tableware Solitaire

What to Do Till the Waiter Comes

I AM out to organize a National Association of Tableware Solitaire Players. Should you care to join you are eligible.

It is more of a science than a single game. It consists of the many simple games by which the solitary diner seeks to amuse himself while waiting for the waiter to bring his order.

Having no cards at hand he plays with anything available. He may use, for instance, the knife, the fork, the spoon. This form of Tableware Solitaire is decidedly the most popular. Its rules are simple.

The knife and fork and spoon lie before you, ignored. The waiter takes your order and disappears through the swinging doors. You are left in the dining room. You can't go with him. You look at all the other diners until suddenly you realize that possibly all the

other diners are looking at you. You become self-conscious. Time for Tableware Solitaire.

Doubtless your first move is to toy idly with the knife and fork. Move them with a forefinger. Move them again. Pick up the fork and place it on top of the knife. Remove it and place the knife on the fork. Now balance the spoon on them until it topples over. Replace the spoon in a new position and move it about until it falls again.

If you know no other forms of Tableware Solitaire you play your one over and over and tire of it long before the wandering waiter appears.

NOW this is precisely where the National Association of Tableware Solitaire Players steps in. Its purpose is to teach you new tricks. It

hopes to gather and distribute and popularize bigger and better and more amusing games of Tableware Solitaire.

Do you know that you can fasten a knife and fork together by inserting the blade of the knife between alternate tines of the fork? Do you know that fastened end to end in this way the knife and fork become, right before you on your table, the grandest silver rocking horse imaginable? And do you know that you can place the spoon on this silver rocking horse and rock it back and forth until it falls off, and then you can put the spoon on again and repeat the performance?

DO you realize that the fastened knife and fork may be arranged as two legs of a tripod while the spoon affords the third, and that by placing a napkin around the tripod you have an Indian wigwam? Do you realize the salt and pepper shakers may stand before it as Indians?

If the waiter is gone long enough, and he usually is, you may enjoy all the advantages of an Indian encampment. The dish of olives is a herd of buffalo huddled together asleep. The celery may be arranged as a place of ambush with the rolls as surrounding foothills. The sun is sinking behind the tomato ketchup just as Big Chief Tabasco Sauce Bottle gallops up on his silver rocking horse. The horse's name is Old Salad Fork and Butter Knife.

Doesn't this little scene stir your imagination? Doesn't it bring home to you the possibilities of Tableware Solitaire? Can't you see how these possibilities might be developed by a National Association of Tableware Solitaire Players?

I WISH I could mention more games. I wish I could tell you of the many games that are played with lump sugar. Square is for dice and oblong is for dominoes. I would like to tell you what can be done with a fountain pen or pencil and a table cloth. Perhaps you already know. I wish I could tell you about rolls and butter. And crackers. Crackers! That's a game. Place a cracker in a spoon and catapult it. Catapult? Ah! Shake the seltzer bottle and you have Popocatepetl. I would like to go more into detail. But I'm afraid the party is getting rough.

—Tom Sims.



"Where are the really wicked spots in Paris—Garçon?"



"Can he play chords?"

Modern Child Education Creeps into Business

"MY secretary, Miss Feenk? Yes, she's very happy with us. You see our firm feels that most business houses don't give enough thought to their employees' innate desires. Most employees are made to do something they don't want to do, and this destroys their power of self-expression and gives them inhibitions. Now we've discovered that Miss Feenk's innate desire is to throw paper weights out the window, so we supply her with ten gross of paper weights a day, and let her express herself. And it has worked admirably. Miss Feenk has gained ten pounds since she's been with us, and says she has never been so happy.

"Then you take Joe, the office boy. Joe used to fret and groan and protest when we sent him on errands, and we

couldn't figure out what was the matter. Now it turns out that he's hated to run errands ever since his mother forced him to do it at the age of seven. Joe likes to read detective stories, so we let him read them all day long. Yes, Joe is achieving self-fulfilment and he loves it. If you don't believe it, ask Joe. He says he'd rather be in our employ than in any firm in the city.

"And Mr. Cronk at the head of our sales department is just another example of how splendidly people will react if you don't inhibit them in the old-fashioned way. At the firm where he worked before he came to us Mr. Cronk always had a desire to play marbles on the office floor. But his firm suppressed this desire until Mr. Cronk couldn't stand it any longer. Being driven to do sales work all day finally

led him to quit. But since he's been with us he says he's felt a new man. I'll take you in and let you watch him play if you like. Isn't it wonderful that he's being allowed to fulfil his destiny?

"AND then Mr. Weller, the president. He was grouchy and irritable before he discovered that he was figuring out business trends and policies instead of playing solitaire for which he has an innate genius. You have no idea how happy he is now. How's business? Well, the firm hasn't been making much money lately, but we're all so happy it really doesn't matter. Now please excuse me while I go and skip rope some more."

—Parke Cummings.

Life at Home



PETERSBURG, IND.—Alvin Elkins, held as a bank robber, had a complaint to make about the county jail.

"Please," he said to the wife of Sheriff Nelson as he walked into the jail kitchen, "will you close the jail doors? There's too much draught."

Investigation revealed that seven prisoners who escaped the night before had neglected to shut the jail doors behind them.

NEW YORK CITY—The New York Edison Company has a hard enough time trying to trace people that move to avoid paying their bills, without trying to pay out money they owe, one would think. But after a thirty-three year search, they have located Edna Wallace Hopper, the famous actress, and paid her \$27.45 which represents her deposit and accrued interest.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Howard Lietzman likes to entertain; but, knowing his modern youth, he believes in preparedness, so he has had a jail cell built

in his cellar to hold obstreperous guests until they sober up. "I built the cell room to hold my guests when they get noisy or try to break up the furniture," Mr. Lietzman explained.

HAMMOND, IND.—When the boys start telling fishing stories, Hugo Volkam can step to the fore and claim more action in pickerel fishing than any one else. He hooked his fish, twisted and sprained his ankle and fell in the bottom of the boat. He rose, wrenched his neck and back in so doing, lost his false teeth, and his balance, and landed in the lake. Fellow anglers pulled him out of the lake and into the boat—whereupon he pulled the pickerel out of the lake and into the boat after him.

NEWPORT, KY.—Alexander Runyon, world war veteran and at present an inmate of Atlanta Federal Penitentiary for automobile stealing, is seeking a divorce from three wives at once—a fourth died. He charges all three of his wives with desertion, and claims he has been of unsound mind since 1918, due to shell-shock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The old superstition that \$2.00 bills are unlucky still holds true—and people still believe they can ward off ill luck by tearing off a corner. It costs the government about one cent to replace each mutilated bill; and in March alone the cost of new bills was \$15,000.

AND ABROAD

BERLIN—An "epidemic" of "Schankeverzehrsteuerjammer" has broken out in Germany.

It means "over the counter tax fever" and is an "irritation" caused by the new 10 per cent tax on non-alcoholic beverages such as coffee, tea, cocoa and lemonade served at cafes and restaurants.

Nearly every German is disgruntled about the tax and tries to think of some way to avoid paying it. Restaurant lunchers have taken to carrying a hip pocket lemon presser and make their own lemonade with water which, so far, costs nothing.

As for cocoa or chocolate, it ceases to be a beverage when taken as "chocolate soup" from a deep plate. And there are "wine soups," too.

Coffee has to pay, but milk goes free, so a popular demand has suddenly sprung up for "milk with a dash," leaving it to friend waiter, who knows who's who and what's what, to make the "dash" of coffee as strong as he dares.

TOKYO—The Buddhist sect is going American. A Y. M. B. A. has been established, and the favorite hymn in processions is "Onward, Buddhist Soldiers."

LONDON—King George and Queen Mary must tell two weeks hence what their occupations are. The census taker will call. Forecasts are that the King will describe himself as "head" and the Queen will give her occupation as "home duties."

PARIS—Kaiteki Toda, a Japanese member of the Montparnasse art colony in Paris, has succumbed to internal inflammation caused by eating a fish which he brought from Japan eight years ago. He is said to have been compelled by lack of other food to eat the aged fish.



"Well, Jane, I'm off to hear my lecture on child training."

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.
X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.
(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield.* \$3.85 (*)—Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast. Last year's Pulitzer play.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Little.* \$3.85 (X*)—The sad and charming whimsy of a lady unable to grow old. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Guy Standing.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Henry Hull and Eugénie Leontovich.

TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Mr. Belasco's diverting comedy wherein Helen Gahagan finds l'amour essential to a prima donna. Adults.

THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse.* \$3.85 (*)—Heartily recommended comedy with Mary Boland as the feather-brained lady with an overly developed—if inaccurate—feeling for past romance.

FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort.* \$3.85 (*)—Thrilling, melodramatic attack on the scandal-mongering tabloids with Arthur Byron as the managing editor.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller.* \$3.85 (X and Tues.)—Philip Barry's play wherein a woman is made "complete" through motherhood. With Zita Johann and Herbert Marshall. Adults.

AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.85 (*)—Splendid bit of acting by Judith Anderson in Pirandello's confusing play of a woman's identity.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.85 (X)—Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger carry on in this exceptionally amusing domestic brawl. Noel Coward (the author) and Gertrude Lawrence are out of the cast.

THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85 (*)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

AS HUSBANDS GO. *John Golden.* \$3.85 (*)—Rachel Crothers' satisfactory comedy—the heady glamour of Paris lingers with two ladies on their return to Dubuque.

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. *Apollo.* \$3.00 (*)—Channing Pollock's play idealizing the Galahad-ish struggle of one couple vs.

success, money and modern business.

THE SILENT WITNESS. *Morosco.* \$3.00 (*)—Lionel Atwill in a British crime play which manages to afford a proper amount of mystery thrills without the use of hysterics.

THE WISER THEY ARE. *Plymouth.* \$3.85 (X)—Osgood Perkins providing the few redeeming moments in an uninteresting sex play.

THE RAP. *Avon.* \$3.00 (X)—Presenting an exposé of relationships between the judiciary and the underworld. Based on recent vice investigations.

PETER IBBETSON. *Shubert.* \$3.00 (*)—An interesting revival with Glenn Hunter, George Nash, Jessie Royce Landis and others.



IN "BRASS ANKLE."

Alice Brady and Ben Smith trying to bravely face the fact that Miss Brady's recent offspring is sepia in color and has kinky hair. Lester Lonergan, with the spit curl, looks on knowingly but can obviously do nothing about it.

MELO. *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.85 (*)—Edna Best doing a superb job in Henry Bernstein's drama dealing with infidelity. Able support by Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore.

THE BELLAMY TRIAL. *48th Street Theatre.* \$2.50 (*)—One of the better court-room mystery plays based on the well-known novel.

BRASS ANKLE. *Masque.* \$3.00 (*)—Du Bose Heyward's play concerning miscegenation. Alice Brady has a white child and then a dark one—due to careless antecedents.

MUSICAL

THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60 (X)—Revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen. Adults.

GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin.* \$5.50 (*)—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman ("Sam and Delilah")—and the cowboy quartet ("Bidin' My Time").

MEET MY SISTER. *Imperial.* \$3.00 (*)—Continental importation. Charming atmosphere when you're in a restful mood.

YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street.* \$4.40 (*)—Collegiate pep. Lou Holtz and Lyda Roberti furnish consistent amusement.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART. *Broadhurst.* \$5.50 (*)—Another crack at Hollywood—this time with music. With Jeanne Aubert and Jack Whiting.

THE WONDER BAR. *Bayes.* \$6.60 (*)—Al Jolson hypnotising an audience for three hours by brute personality. His folk song; a few moments with Patsy Kelly; and an amazing dance team (Chilton and Thomas) are the high spots.

RECORDS

VICTOR

"JIG-TIME"—Ted Weems and His Orchestra will put your feet in action with this rhythmical nonsense which Ted and "Country" Washburn wrote. "Country" does the singing. *and*

"EGYPTIAN-ELLA"—An intimate revue of this fat lady's career. Same swell orchestra.

"OUT OF NOWHERE"—*and*
"YOURS IS MY HEART ALONE"—For more elevating diversion hear Leo Reisman's charming rendition of these two numbers.

COLUMBIA

"FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN"—*and*

"WERE YOU SINCERE"—Ruth Etting with piano accompaniment alone. Miss Etting impresses one with the ease with which she sings. The rhythmic changes are delightful.

"MARY JANE"—Ted Wallace and His Campus Boys exploiting the desirability of one Mary Jane. *and*

"BY A LAZY COUNTRY LANE"—Same orchestra. Distinctive trumpet work, and an interesting orchestration.

BRUNSWICK

"I'VE GOT A SWEET SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME"—*and*

"LITTLE JOE"—Hal Kemp and His Orchestra record two foxtrots and the piano player provides the most interesting spots.

"SMILE, DARN YA, SMILE"—The Colonial Club Orchestra, with a hot trumpet and the "Men About Town" on the vocal chorus, promoting bigger and better dispositions. *and*

"EVERYTHING THAT'S NICE BELONGS TO YOU"—Same orchestra. Stupid and noisy. (Continued on page 30)

From Life's



A HURRY CA

Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Dec. 3, 1964

Our Foolish Contemporaries



ROUGHING IT.

MILLIONAIRE (being shown his luxurious suite by Purser): *This your idea of a cabin! No grand piano or anything. What do you take me for? A stowaway?*
—Punch (by permission).

MRS. BIGHT: "I hear you've got a new organ in your church. Now all you need is a monkey."

MRS. GASTY: "And all you need in yours is an organ."
—Pathfinder.

The latest discovery in the field of vitamins is one that if fed to rats prevents their hair from turning gray. It has never seemed to make any difference to us whether or not rats looked young.
—New York Evening Post.

"What do Elks have that other animals never have?"

"I don't know—what?"

"Parades!"
—New York Mirror.

According to a Harley Street physician, people who sing often are seldom troubled with tonsilitis. We feel certain, however, that there must be some punishment in store for them.
—The Humorist.

"Just trot upstairs once more, Willie," said a local observant parent, at the dinner table, "and dunk those wrists."
—Detroit News.

Another difference between death and taxes is that death doesn't get worse every time the Legislature meets.
—Akron Beacon-Journal.

"Mummy, Tom has taken the largest piece of cake, and it is unfair, because he was eating cake three years before I was born."
—Answers.

A barber says it requires only thirty-eight strokes of the razor to take the hair off a man's face. The others used are, of course, for removing the skin.
—Passing Show.

MOVIE DIRECTOR (to actress)—Don't look so stupid, please. We have finished with the love scene.

ACTRESS—Yes sir, but the man I played opposite has just proposed to me.
—Pathfinder.



EASTERN GRANDEE: *Quick, slave! Get me the magic carpet. I wish to go on a journey.*

SLAVE: *Oh, good master, a man has just taken it away. He said you hadn't kept up the instalments!*
—Humorist.



Books

THE ROAD BACK, by Erich Maria Remarque. *Little, Brown & Co.*, \$2.50. No let down here in the raw and unaffected realism in which the author of *All Quiet* revealed his mastery of war psychology. When the German boys going home ran into the spic and span American boys, in friendly exchange for fags and food, they gave them their clothes, but they wouldn't give up their dog. And still landscapes got on their nerves!

PLAY THE GAME, the Book of Sport, edited by Mitchell V. Charnley. *Viking Press*, \$3.50. A round up of our chief sporting figures, from Connie Mack to Bobby Jones, pictures, and text by a big bunch of writing experts. About everything in it for man and boy except our depressed little friend Midget Golf, poor little kid!

KING OF FASHION, which is the autobiography of Paul Poiret. *J. B. Lippincott Co.*, \$3. It is quite possible that M. Poiret, in common with all great men, does not understand the feminine heart, but in this engrossing, albeit casual relation of his adventures as a master dressmaker, he certainly knows how to describe women, not the least of his presentations being Margot Asquith and Isadora Duncan, and the "beautiful" princess, who came into Worth's bent double over two sticks and smoking a fat cigar.

LIVELY LADY, by Kenneth Roberts. *Doubleday, Doran Co.*, \$2.50. The author, one-time *LIFE* contributor and always a good workman, painstaking in his technique, is at his best in this historic story of 1812, which ran as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*, now assured a more permanent life.

FROM DAY TO DAY, by Ferdynand Goettel. *Viking Press*, \$2.50. A novel written in what John Galsworthy, in the introduction, believes to be the totally new form of a diary by the lead-

Why they call it "The Nickel Lunch"



Asparagus on Toast

25¢

(at most restaurants)
approximately 169 calories

Bag of
PLANTERS Peanuts

5¢

approximately 208 calories



The figures above tell you in a "nut-shell" why *Planters* Peanuts are called "The Nickel Lunch." Actually *Planters* Peanuts are one of the most nourishing and economical foods you can buy. They give you concentrated energy and food-value in delicious, appetizing form. There are no other peanuts quite so good as *Planters*. That's because *Planters* are big, Virginia Peanuts, the finest the crop affords. And



because *Planters* own processes bring these super-peanuts to you crisp, fresh, blanched, and correctly salted. Be sure you are getting *Planters*. Look for "Mr. Peanut" on the familiar glassine bag. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

To get Mr. Peanut's paint book for the children, send us 10 empty *Planters* bags or 10 inside wrappers from Jumbo Block.

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& CHOCOLATE COMPANY**
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San Francisco

PLANTERS

PEANUTS

ing character; that is, the author manages to blend the story with his own, as he goes along with it. Unfailing in love and other human interests from beginning to end, not a book to be missed. Literary Guild selection for May.

THE GLASS KEY, by Dashiell Hammett. *Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* \$2.50. Confessing to some slight disappointment in the leading character of Ned Beaumont, we are bound to say that among the season's thrillers it is worth

much more than honorable mention. His closely knit style, as usual, compels attention, but is worth it.

JUAN IN AMERICA, by Eric Linklater. *Cape & Smith*, \$2.50. In spite of his statement that he "was not yet at home with American slang," Juan, the main character, does better at it than any Englishman on record. A satire on the American scene, flossies, bootleggers, gunmen *et al*, topping stuff, and really funny, considering.

—Thomas L. Masson.

A HEALTHFUL *adventure*

A TRIP to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is a grand lark for the whole family . . . and a lark that is full of health, as well as happiness. Here they can absorb the sun . . . breathe deep the tonic ocean air . . . satisfy keen appetites with wholesome, tempting food. In the background is always the comfort and informal hospitality of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, with its many facilities for relaxation and recreation. Come for a short vacation, or a long one. We will be glad to send you further information.

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But LIFE goes on just the same. We've been going on for 48 years now and LIFE gets more interesting and assumes a more important place in worldly affairs every day. It just isn't possible to get by a minute longer without this keen and pleasant outlook on life. Suppose you OBEY THAT IMPULSE "RIGHT NOW".

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LIFE IN SOCIETY



AUTOGIRO PROVES VERITABLE SHIP'S BISCUIT

Lonella Francis (in cork stomacher) launching an Autogiro from the davits of the S.S. Sophie Rusk as the two pilots, Hattie Brown and Esther Billings, prepare to spin the propellers at a signal from Harold Rathvon, who doesn't know what he's doing.

Lord Louis Pendleton will give a dinner tonight at the Delmonico for 50 guests. Later he will take them to the Central Park Casino for dancing . . . Good Lord!

Ussaki Bulent, Second Secretary of the Turkish Embassy, is at the Ritz-Carlton—talking turkey.

Miss Doris Karlson, Miss Elsie Whitbeck and Miss Virginia Foster of Stamford sailed yesterday for Bermuda, where they will be guests of Mrs. Kenneth Bartram, who has left for Miami.

Mr. and Mrs. William Graves Barlow will return tomorrow from Honolulu and California and will refuel at the Chase National Bank before going to their home in Paris.

Mr. Gordon Seegram of New York has arrived at the Hamilton Hotel, Bermuda, and was among those on the floor during the tea hour.

Sir John and Lady Layton are returning tomorrow from a world cruise on the Empress of Australia. They will be at the Savoy-Plaza until sailing for England next week on What's Left.

The New Haven Bird Club will give a bridge party at the home of Mrs. Frank Williams on May 26. Every member who leaves his partner in a double of one will be given a bird.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Kingsbury Ellis and family of Newport arrived by motorcycle yesterday at White Sulphur Springs from Palm Beach.
—Jack Cluett.



Around Pacific CRUISE

luxurious adventure
on the MALOLO

See old Asia and the Indies, modern Australia, romantic Fiji and Samoa, on this third Malolo cruise! By ricksha thread the streets of teeming cities, by motor penetrate jungles thick with orchids. One day visit a Sultan's palace; another, dine on plantains and breadfruit served by Javanese maidens. Luxuriously you tour 19 strange ports in 14 countries — enjoy everything for as little as \$1,500! Sail Sept. 19 from San Francisco (20th from Los Angeles); back again Dec. 16. Itinerary at your travel agency, or:

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CHICAGO 140 S. Dearborn Street
SAN FRANCISCO 215 Market Street
LOS ANGELES 730 S. Broadway
SAN DIEGO 213 E. Broadway
PORTLAND 271 Pine Street
SEATTLE 814 Second Avenue

Jude Johnson shot at Short Jenks today. The bullet went wild, and no arrest will be made. Jude shot because Short is one of the bores who say a man can quit smoking if he will use a little will power.

—Atchison Globe.

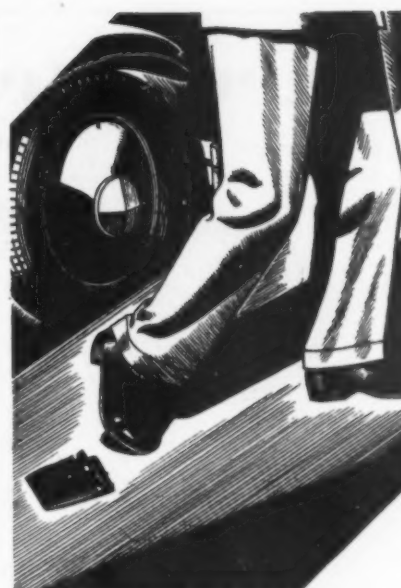
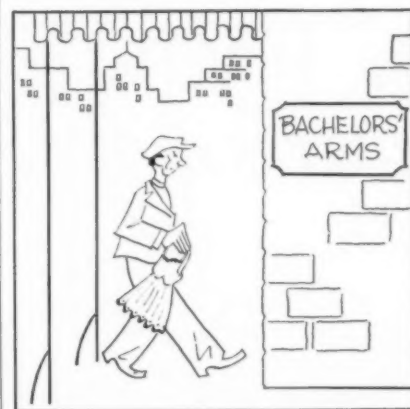
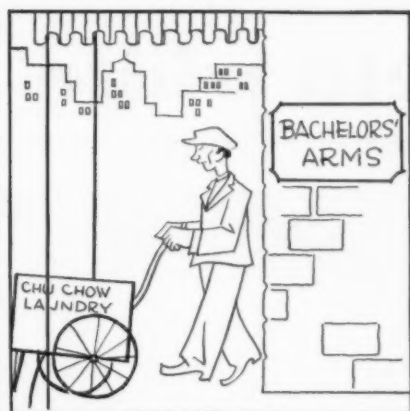
SERVANT (answering bell): "My master isn't in, sir. You may leave the bill if you wish."

CALLER (in surprise): "Bill? I have no bill. I wish to—"

SERVANT (in surprise also): "No bill! Then you must have called at the wrong house."
—Pearson's.

Exclusive Designs
WOODS AND IRONS
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BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO., SPRINGDALE, CONN.
Pacific Coast Dist. Curley-Bates Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle...Leading Pros and shops sell the BTN Line

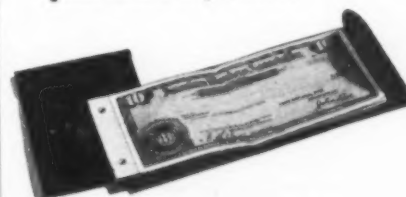


ONE WAY TO LOSE MONEY

Just time to catch his train . . . a porter grabs his bags . . . the taxi is paid off . . . a rush to the ticket window . . . no wallet.

It happens hundreds of times. People do lose money or mislay it or have it stolen. No need to worry, though, if the money is in A. B. A. Cheques —for it will be refunded.

A. B. A. Cheques are the modern way to insure yourself against the loss, theft or destruction of your money. Buy them at your own bank—spend them anywhere.



A·B·A
CHEQUES
CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Keeps teeth white



A CHARMING smile has led many a man along the road to romance.

Your smile—its thrilling charm depends upon the snowy whiteness of your teeth.

So every day chew Dentyne—the delicious gum that keeps teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm, because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Dentyne's the finest chewing gum that money can buy.



Chew **DENTYNE** .. and smile!

Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 23)

SHEET MUSIC

"Star Dust"—(No show)

"Close To Me"—(Movie—The Woman Between)

"Trav'lin' All Alone"—(The Wonder Bar)

"Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams"—(No show)

Show a winning hand

Nails clean, neatly trimmed and shaped. So easy with the Gem Nail Clipper. Handy, compact. Carry in your pocket. Use in odd moments. At drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c.

The H. C. COOK CO.
7 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers



In anticipation of the Boy Scouts' Moot at Kandersteg, Swiss scouts are offering prizes for a yell fit for international use without being translated. They realise the disadvantages of yodelling through an interpreter.

—Punch.

"Burglars Break Through Roof," reads a news item. Financiers, on the other hand, prefer to get in on the ground floor.

—Passing Show.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.



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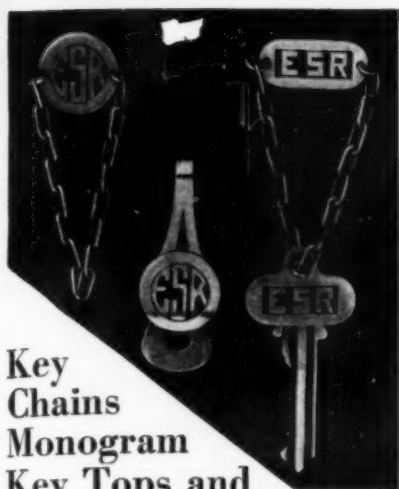
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Solution of May 15 Puzzle

SHOW	SCRAP	CLAN
CODA	CLOVE	ROBE
UPON	RIVET	ISLE
DIRT	OPERA	SEED
SOL	LOP	
PUP	FLY	ASP
ONSET	OWL	EAGER
STAG	KID	GIVE
SILOS	ENE	PELEE
ELM	PAL	RUE
ELL		
RAN	NAB	
JEHU	NOVEL	RAFT
URAL	ABOVE	ARIA
MITE	LOVES	SELL
PEER	SEERS	SAME



Key Chains Monogram Key Tops and Money Clips!

(one-half
actual size)

THESE KEY CHAINS, MONOGRAM Key Tops and Money Clips have become very popular as moderate priced gifts for particular people who really appreciate something personal and individual. They are hand-crafted, strong and will last a life time.

Our Key Chains bear a registered number and are stamped with our name for identification in case of loss.

The Monogram Key Top readily identifies that particular key which is the most used.

The Money Clips are very useful and attractive. During the last holiday season requests for these articles came from 26 different states.

	KEY CHAINS Circle	Black Letter	MONEY MONOGRAM CLIPS	KEY TOP
Prices in Sterling	\$5.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$5.00
Prices in 14K Gold	11.00	10.00	15.00	10.00

In ordering stipulate the article and design desired; if circle monogram, mention position of last letter, either in center or on the end.

**Jewelry Craftsmen
since 1895**

BOYDEN-MINUTH COMPANY
Heyworth Bldg., 29 E. Madison St.
CHICAGO

At Dinty Moore's the other night this one made them laugh loud. It deals with a fearless Italian, imported from the old country by Chicago gangsters to do the actual job of killing people.

They set him up in the fruit-stand business, which was a "blind." At nights they paid him \$200 to kill enemies. He always demanded and received the \$200 in advance.

The other night he got his \$200 and the "mob" pointed out a chap they wanted murdered. He proceeded with the job. Then he went to sleep.

A few hours later they aroused him. "You dope," they growled, "you knocked off the wrong guy and we paid you the \$200!"

"So aw right," he indifferently replied, as he stifled a yawn, "wot da hell? Da next one is on me!"

—New York Mirror.

Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 87

COLA	CAMEL	EBON
HAIR	OPERA	MORO
ATTEMPT	NIBBLED	
THANES	F CARESS	
NAN	ALS	TAR
TOY	ALOHA	GOTE
HR	INFLUENCE	HA
EARN	TOTED	VET
ESE	YET	OPE
FAMISH	D GRINGO	
ELASTIC	TABLOID	
LENT	TULIP	OSLO
TEDS	SPANS	TEAR



The tabloid influence hits the opera.

KATHLEEN MECHLING
Presbyterian Sanatorium
Albuquerque, New Mexico

For explanation: "Always be-littling!"

ELYSE SHIREK
Huntington Apts.
San Francisco, Calif.

For explanation: "What price music?"

HELEN M. DENNISON
1799 Summit Avenue
St. Paul, Minn.

For explanation: "Just a little professional jealousy."

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"No doubt you will allow me to take my laundry with me," said the haughty lodger who had been rather delinquent in his payments.

"Certainly," replied the landlady. "Your other collar is down-stairs!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*



Old Cape Henry Light, built in 1791, on the Virginia Coast—the first light-house erected in U. S.

A white flash in a black sky signals the steady character of the coastal sentry. Puffs of cool, sweet smoke bespeak the mild and friendly character of

Old Briar TOBACCO

OLD BRIAR continually gains new friends because its distinctive character inspires thoughtful preference rather than thoughtless habit. It has the body that the veteran smoker demands. It has the mildness that is found only in the finest ripe tobacco. It has an appetizing flavor with a sparkle that distinguishes it from the flatness of ordinary blends. Every pipeful wins a deeper, truer liking.



15^c
size

UNITED STATES
TOBACCO COMPANY
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LIFE



THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS:

IN SPITE of all the different dentifrices and conflicting theories, dentists themselves agree that one type of dentifrice is the most effective.

A prominent research institution made an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists. Read the summary of the answers received on this question of teeth and dentifrices:

- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;
85% stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

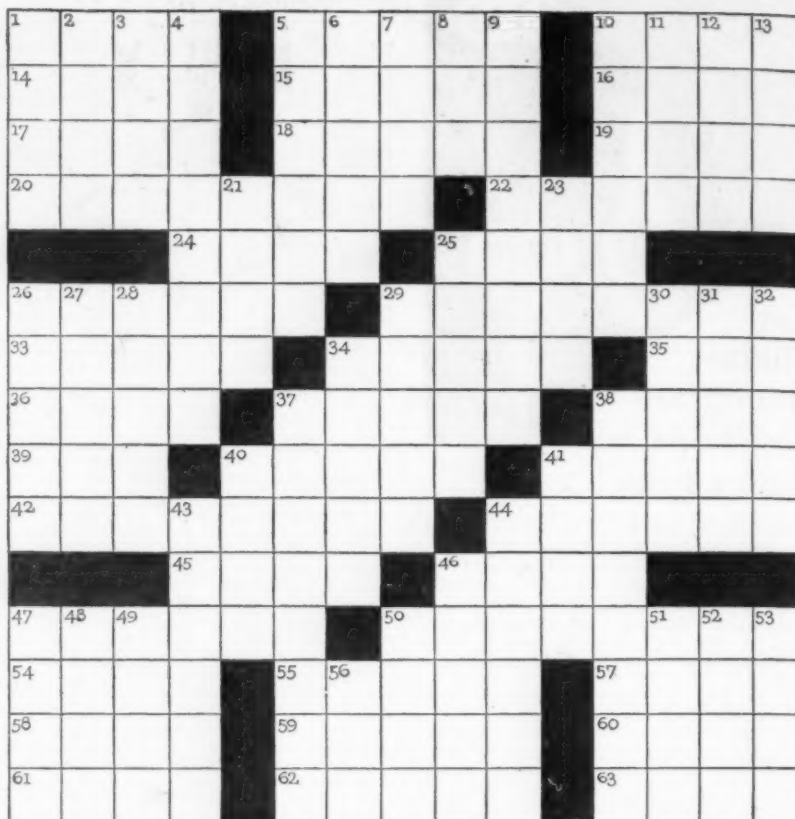
Squibb Dental Cream is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia. Doesn't that make it an excellent dentifrice to know about?

Squibb's contains no grit, no astringent. It cleans beautifully—and it enhances the pleasure of smoking because it leaves your mouth so refreshed and clean-feeling.

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Life's Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. This is a big kid.
5. This is cut up.
10. There's nothing fast about this.
14. Declare.
15. How to entertain.
16. This is held by a model young lady.
17. A game.
18. These furnish support.
19. One of the great open spaces.
20. A grand gesture.
22. This is known by its three legs.
24. Trouble makers.
25. A great favor.
26. Tax.
29. The blond so often preferred by gentlemen.
33. A large fish.
34. Went out.
35. Negative prefix.
36. These are raised outdoors.
37. These mean ice cream to the kids.
38. Kind of hook.
39. The angel child.
40. You go out in this.
41. Award to a hero.
42. This is well balanced.
44. Swell clothes.
45. Ages.
46. Sudden sound.
47. This is paid by check.
50. Lots of trouble.
54. Can do.
55. This just happened.
57. Give out.
58. Lunch time.
59. This is a bit colorful.
60. All dried up.
61. A well known joint.
62. Fed up.
63. Plain fat.

DOWN

1. This has landed many a big fish.
2. Egg shaped.
3. Pertaining to the air.
4. What the well dressed man always wears.
5. These are found on steamships.
6. Heap up.
7. You have to have this to get ahead.
8. Compass point.
9. Renovates.
10. This preserves a stony silence.
11. This is famous in Chicago.
12. European city.
13. This grows in a garden.
21. A dangerous thing to take.
23. A cross.
25. French millinery.
26. Mortal remains.
27. This should be close.
28. The Old Nick.
29. This is velvet.
30. Silly.
31. He gives presents.
32. Coming in.
34. Baffles.
37. Where they make whoopee.
38. Will Rogers' favorite joke.
40. Hot stuff.
41. Just a word.
43. This is always calm.
44. Went hungry.
46. A carousal.
47. Where your best interest lies.
48. Very black.
49. Bitter drug.
50. An impression.
51. Big bird (Var.).
52. A parent.
53. Let it stand.
56. By way of.



THE PARTY SMOKER* SAID,

**"After all,
it's the
Clean Taste!"**

"I'm a heavy smoker," he went on, "but I'm a regular chimney on a party. That's why I've switched to Spuds entirely. The cooler smoke keeps my mouth continually moist-cool and clean and comfortable. That's my Spud story."

And it's every Spud smoker's story! Because Spud leaves you always mouth-happy ...no matter if it's a straight-through-the-pack smoking session. That's why Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance is the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Switch to Spud and prove the "clean taste" for yourself!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.)...20 FOR 30c (CANADA)





"I've shipped on a South Sea Tramp
—says *Chesterfield*"



yet you'll find me just around the corner"

It's a small matter where you meet up with Chesterfield. The point is—get acquainted! You'll find the change to Chesterfield a real change...one which your palate will thank you for! Chesterfield uses choicer and milder tobaccos—nothing else; and so blends and "cross-blends" them that you get just what you want in a smoke...*greater mildness and better taste.*

Chesterfield



*They satisfy
—that's why!*